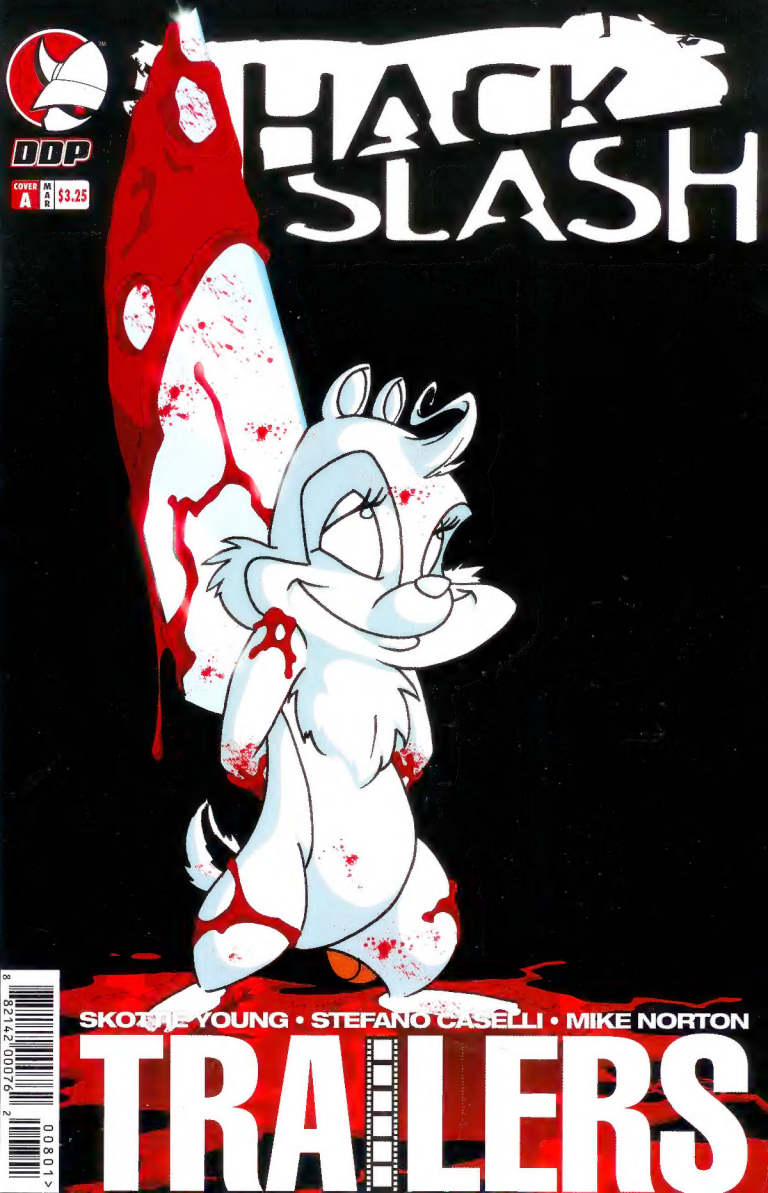

DDP
COVER A
MAR $3.25
HACK SLASH
SKOTTIE YOUNG • STEFANO CASELLI • MIKE NORTON
TRAILERS

DDP
COVER B
MAR $3.25
HACK SLASH
SKOTTIE YOUNG | STEFANO CASELLI | MIKE NORTON
TRAILERS

DDP
COVER C
MAR
$3.25
HACK SLASH
PUNISH ME
SKOTTIE YOUNG • STEFANO CASELLI • MIKE NORTON
TRAILERS

THE MOTION PICTURE
CODE AND RATING ADMINISTRATION
HAS RATED THIS SEQUENTIAL FEATURE

H/S TRAILERS

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE LUNCH LADY... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENS TO BE HER MOTHER! NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER VLAD, HUNTING DOWN, AND DESTROYING SLASHERS WHEREVER SHE FINDS THEM!

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

WRITER TIM SEELEY LETTERS BY STEVE SEELEY GRAPHIC DESIGN BY SEAN DOVE

"BLOOD AND NUTS" ART AND COLORS BY SKOTTIE YOUNG. "RENEGADE KNIFE: ITAI!" PENCILS BY SEAN DOVE COLORS BY JOSH BLAYLOCK. "TUB CLUB" PENCILS BY TIM SEELEY COLORS BY KATIE DESOUSA. "ORBITUARY" ART BY MIKE NORTON COLORS BY BLOND SPECIAL THANKS TO CHAD WISE. "DEAD CELEBRITIES" PLOT AND PENCILS BY STEFANO CASSELLI COLORS BY DANIELE RUDONI. "ONCE BITTEN" ART BY JOSH MEDORS COLORS BY BLOND.

PIN UPS BY ANDREW RITCHIE, FEDERICA MANFREDI, KATIE DESOUSA

PRODUCED BY DEVIL'S DUE PUBLISHING

PRESIDENT JOSH BLAYLOCK ASSISTANT PUBLISHER SAM WELLS VP MARKETING SUSAN BISHOP

ART DIRECTOR EVAN SULT SENIOR EDITOR MIKE O'SULLIVAN STAFF ILLUSTRATOR TIM SEELEY

WEBMASTER CRANK! GRAPHIC DESIGNER SEAN DOVE WEBSTORE MANAGER CAITLIN McKAY

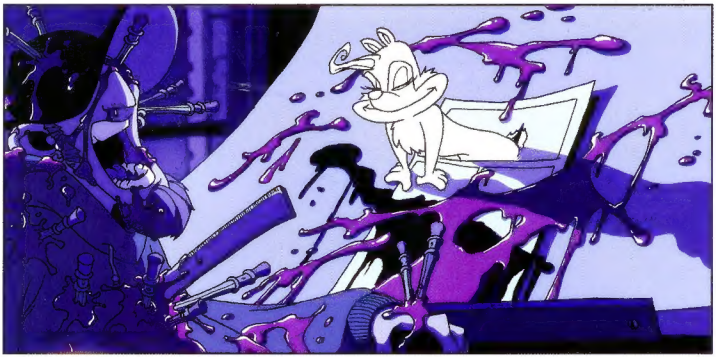
STAFF LETTERER BRIAN CROWLEY

EDITS BY CRANK! | COVER A BY SKOTTIE YOUNG • COVER B BY MIKE NORTON • COVER C BY STEFANO CASSELI

HACK/SLASH: TRAILERS. FEBRUARY, 2006. Published by Devil's Due Publishing, Inc. Office of publication 4619 N. Ravenswood Ave. #204, Chicago, IL 60640. HACK/SLASH, all associated characters and their respected likenesses are ™ and © 2006 Tim Seeley and Stefano Caselli, used with permission. The events and characters presented in this book are entirely fictional. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. I mean, look at these guys, do they LOOK like real people??? No portion of this comic book may be used or reproduced by any means (digital or print) without written permission from Devil's Due Publishing, Inc., except for review purposes. KUNDRIH AS SALES 773-321-6478. Printed in Canada.

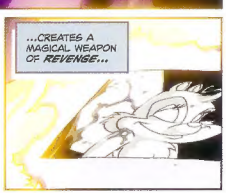
DDP
www.devilsdue.net

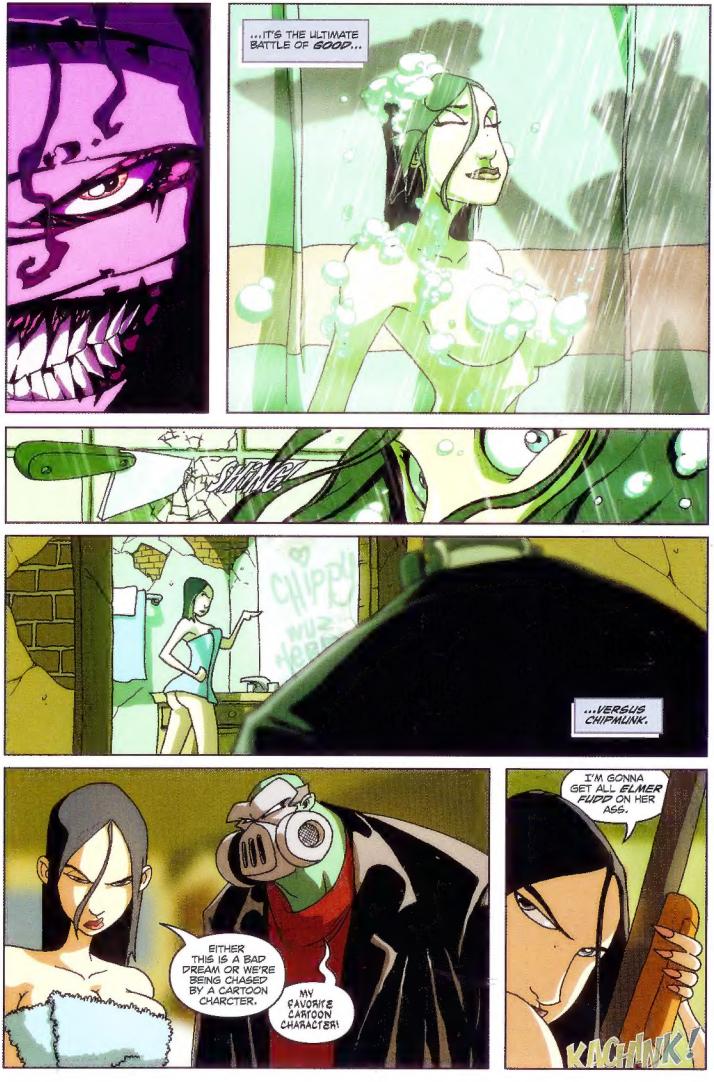
CHICAGO.
THE STUDIO OF SKOTTIE YOUNG, COMIC BOOK ARTIST.
CRAP MAN... GOTTA GET THESE PAGES DONE.
FUCKIN' CHIPPY THE SLASHER SLAYER. SHOULDNA' NEVER STARTED THIS GIG.
SHOULDA TAKEN THAT "BROTHER VOODOO" MINI-SERIES...
WHA-KOOM
GHYAAH!
WHAT THE FUCK?!
FUCK, MAN!
LICK!
SHLIK!! SHLIK!! SHLIK!!



NOOTRAC
KNUMPIHC
ES!RA!

WHEN AN ENEMY FROM THE PAST...


...CREATES A MAGICAL WEAPON OF *REVENGE*...


...IT'S THE ULTIMATE BATTLE OF GOOD...
SHINK!
...VERSUS CHIPMUNK.
EITHER THIS IS A BAD DREAM OR WE'RE BEING CHASED BY A CARTOON CHARCTER.
MY FAVORITE CARTOON CHARACTER!
I'M GONNA GET ALL ELMER FUDD ON HER ASS.
KACHINK!

NOW, THE WORLD'S GREATEST KILLER OF KILLERS MAY HAVE MET HER MATCH....
COMICS
HEY, YOU'RE THAT CHICK THAT CHIPPY THE SLASHER SLAYER IS BASED ON. I READ AN INTERVIEW WITH SKOTTIE YOUNG IN WHIZZER MAGAZINE.
LOOK, I JUST NEED MY RESEARCH, AND I'LL BE OUTTA HERE...
MAN, THE ART ON CHIPPY REALLY SUCKS.
I HATE THAT CARTOON STUFF...
BLEEAHHH...
...BECAUSE THIS CARTOON CHIPMUNK DON'T SING.
HACK/SLASH:
BLOOD & NUTS

IN THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN...
...A PLAGUE OF MURDERERS THREATENS THE STREETS OF TOKYO...
♫ WALKING ON SUNSHINE! OH WOAH! ♫
♫ WALKING ON SUNSHINE! WOOAH! AND DON'T IT FEEL... ♫
GOOAGGHHH!
HAAHAHAHAAHAHA!

KILLED WHILE SINGING "KATRINA AND THE WAVES."
TRAGIC.
VLAD! A LIL' OF THE OL' HIGH-LOW?!
HA!
OR... WELL... LOW... HA!... NOT "HIGH."
URRRR.
I KNEW WHAT YOU MEANT.
AHHHH!
GRAAH!

WHEN A SLASHER CUTS TOO CLOSE TO HOME FOR THE YAKUZA....
YOU WERE UNABLE TO PROTECT MY DAUGHTER FROM THIS... THIS "SLASHER?!"
NO... SIR... I TRIED...
KILL YOURSELF.
WE WILL FIGHT FIRE, WITH FIRE. BRING ME A "SLASHER."
AHHHHHH!!
NOW THE HUNT FOR A G'RL'S KILLER IS JOINED.
DAMN IT!! ARE WE TOO LATE?!
AND CASSIE AND VLAD ARE ABOUT TO LEARN...
KISS
"TWO'S COMPANY..."

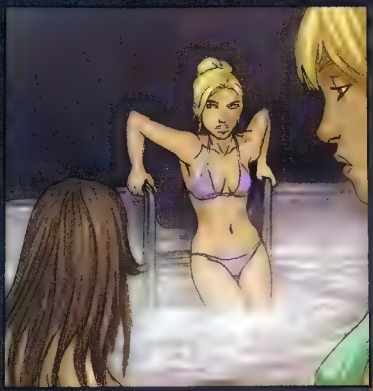
...BUT THREE'S A CROWD.
GRRRRR.
GRRRRR.
THIS IS GONNA GET ALL "TOHO MONSTER MOVIE" REAL QUICK.
CASSIE & VLAD
VS.
O-NADA
VS.
KAMIKAZE
DEVIL'S DUE PRESENTS:
HACK/SLASH
RENEGADE KNIFE: ITAI!

WELCOME TO CHARMING FRANCO-BELLE COLLEGE CAMPUS IN MASSACHUSETS.
THIS RENOWNED SCHOOL FOR GIRLS ENJOYS A STRONG TRADITION OF ACADEMIC EXCELLENCE.
STUDENTS AT OUR SCHOOL ENJOY A RIGOROUS, FOCUSED STUDY, WHICH PLAYS TO THEIR STRENGTHS AND ALLOWS THEM TO DOMINATE IN THE CLASSROOM.
GIRLS DON'T HAVE TO LIVE UP TO EXPECTATIONS THAT THEY MUST BE NICE, QUIET, NON-ATHLETIC, AND PASSIVE AT FRANCO-BELLE.
NO, FREE FROM THE PRESSURES OF CO-ED SCHOOLS, THE GIRLS AT FRANCO-BELLE CAN EXCEL IN LEADERSHIP...
Hot Tub and Spa
AUTHORIZED USE ONLY
AND CREATE STRONG AND LASTING RELATIONSHIPS....

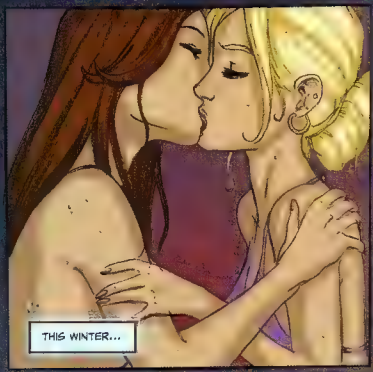
...WITH LIKE-MINDED GIRLS.
WHEN CASSIE DISCOVERS A RECURRING OCCULT MURDER ON AN ALL-GIRL CAMPUS...
THIS IS THE PLACE. FIFTY YEARS AGO, SIX GIRLS DIED HERE. AND FIFTY YEARS BEFORE THAT, SIX MORE.
...SHE MUST INFILTRATE AN EXCLUSIVE SORORITY...
HEY. YOU'RE IN MY...UH, CHEM LECTURE.
OH REALLY?
WELL, MAYBE WE SHOULD SIT TOGETHER...
SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE MIX.

...AND STOP A KILLER INTENT ON CREATING A BLOODBATH.
HERE WE GO... COUNTESS BATHORY: LADY OF BLOOD.
THESE MURDERS HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS OLD, DEAD RICH-BITCH.
WHERE DID YOU FIND THIS BOOK?
MY FRIEND AMBER HAD IT. SHE HAS ALL KINDS OF COOL STUFF.
YOU HAVE A FRIEND?
THIS IS... FASCINATING.
YOU SURE DO PAY A LOT OF ATTENTION TO THOSE BOOKS.
NOW, ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN CASSIE AND HER PREY...
THERE'S SO MUCH ELSE THAT NEEDS ATTENDING TO...
AMBERRR...?
...IS A KIND OF FRIENDSHIP SHE HAS NEVER KNOWN.

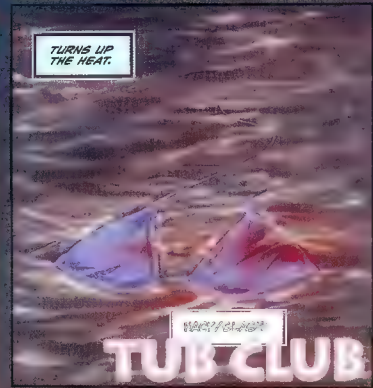
OH... GOD.
AMBER.

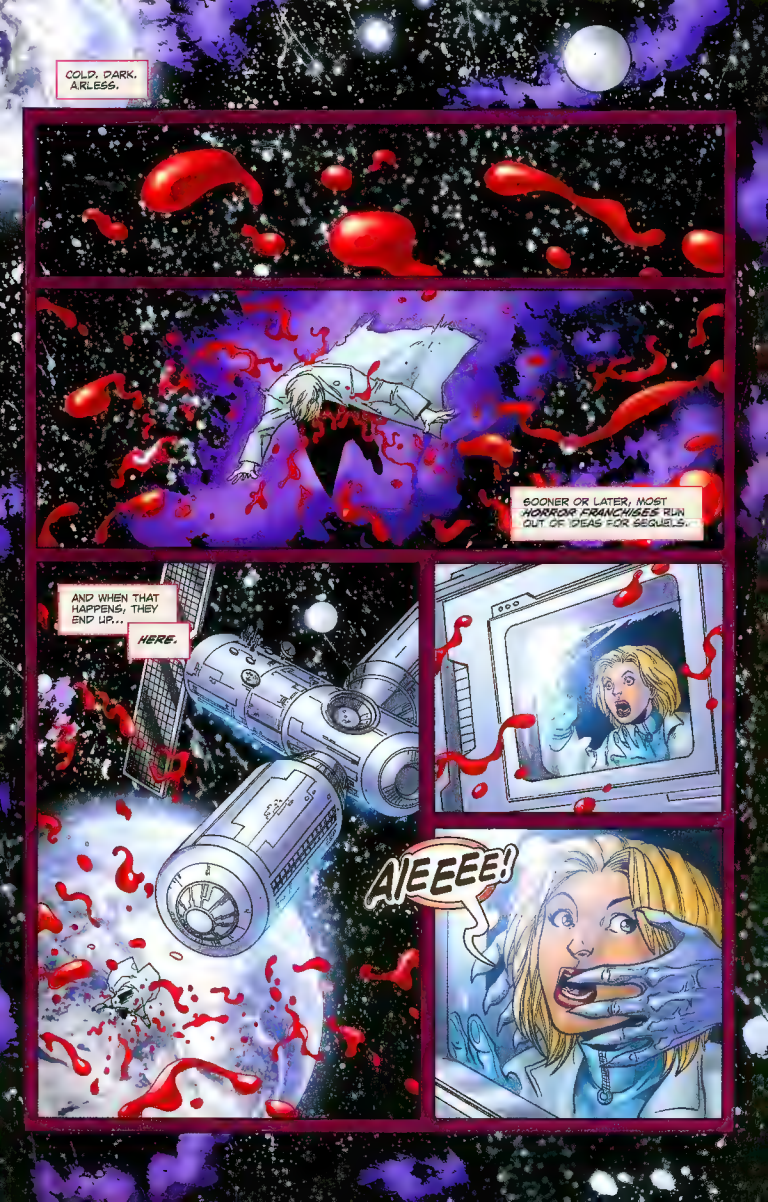


CASSSANDRA!!!

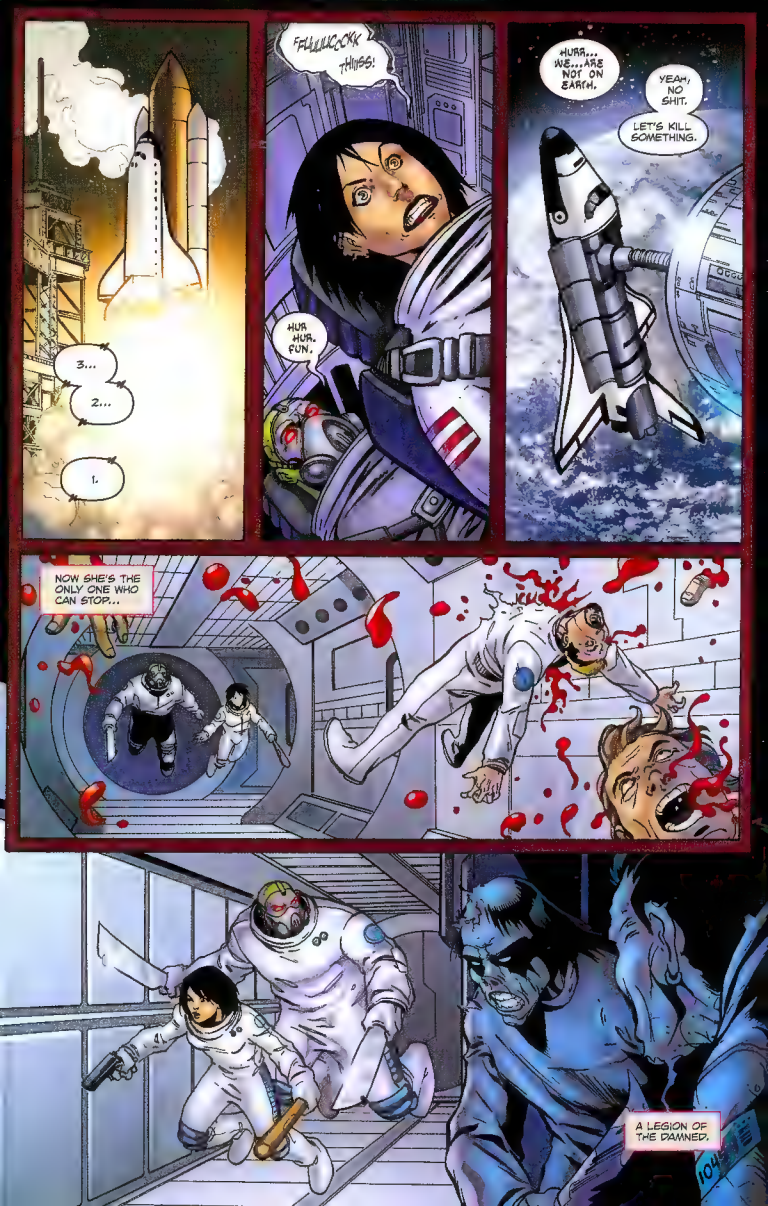

THIS WINTER...

TERROR...


TURNS UP THE HEAT.
TUB CLUB


COLD. DARK. AIRLESS.
SOONER OR LATER, MOST HORROR FRANCHISES RUN OUT OF IDEAS FOR SEQUELS.
AND WHEN THAT HAPPENS, THEY END UP...
HERE.
AIEEEE!

WHAT BEGAN AS AN EXPERIMENT...
BY FREEZING THESE FELONS WE'RE ABLE TO TEST THE HUMAN BODY'S REACTION TO CRYOGENIC STASIS FOR DEEP SPACE TRAVEL.
AREN'T THESE ALL MURDERERS?
ALL THE BETTER TO BE OUR GUINEA PIGS.
BECAME A NIGHTMARE.
I BRAKE FOR NOBSIES.
...AND THE PRISONERS HAVE TAKEN OVER THE SATELLITES.
SUPERMARKET
BUT...THE PRISONERS... THEY'VE CHANGED. THEY'RE NOT... ALIVE.
THEY HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO TURN...
TO AN EXPERT.
LEMME GET THIS STRAIGHT.
YOU WANT US TO GO TO SPACE?


3...
2...
1.
FUUUUCKK THISS!
HUA HUA. FUN.
HUAA... WE...ARE NOT ON EARTH.
YEAH, NO SHIT.
LET'S KILL SOMETHING.
NOW SHE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN STOP...
A LEGION OF THE DAMNED.

FIVE BILLION LIVES TO END.
WE HAVE TO STOP THEM FROM CRASHING THE SATELLITE!
IN THE VACUUM OF SPACE...
DYING SUCKS.
LOOK, MOMMY! A SHOOTING STAR!
YOU CAN NOT STOP US... WE ARE THE FUTURE! WE ARE EVOLUTION.
HACK/SLASH:
ORBITUARY

IN A 2004 SURVEY, 15% OF CHILDREN UNDER 10 SURVEYED SAID THE MOST VALUABLE THING IN THE WORLD WAS "TO BE FAMOUS."
"FAMILY" CAME IN SECOND.
EVERYONE WANTS TO BE A CELEBRITY. BEING KNOWN VALIDATES OUR EXISTENCE.
BEING SEEN. BEING ENVIED. BEING LOVED. SIGNING AUTOGRAPHS. BEING EVERYONE'S FUCK FANTASY. BEING REMEMBERED.
BEING IMMORTAL. NEVER DYING.

WE'RE BACK WITH "LIVE WITH RAY DINO." WE'RE TALKING ABOUT THE OUTBREAK OF CELEBRITY DEATHS...
...I MEAN, JUST TODAY WE LOST ROMAN LANSING. THIS GUY WAS THE BIGGEST THING TO HIT FILMS SINCE ARNIE.
IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS, WE'VE LOST AT LEAST TEN FAMOUS ACTORS, ATHLETES... MYSTERIOUS DEATHS, EVERY SINGLE ONE. THE CE_EBRITY DEAD POOLS ARE GOIN' NUTS.
CHICA
TIM SEELEY
was found naked in his room watching a Porn movie with his Lovable doll. The creator had a crazy and se his life was.
TOM CURSE SLASHED!!
Police found the STILL SMILING head of the actor inside Nikole Kidboy's house Tom's ex wife
MIKE TY
HECK, WE'VE HAD TO RESCHEDULE GUESTS THREE TIMES. NO OFFENSE, MARTY, BUT WE DON'T USUALLY HAVE PSYCHICS ON IF WE CAN GET PARIS HILTON, Y'KNOW?
HEH.
HEH.
HEH.
YOU WERE WISE TO BRING ME ON YOUR SHOW, RAY. FOR PSCHYIC MARTY HAS THE ANSWER! I KNOW WHO IS KILLING OUR BELOVED FAMOUS PEOPLE!
HE IS A TELEKINETICALLY POWERED MUTANT ABLE TO DESTROY PEOP_E THROUGH HIS TELEVISION!

UH...
WHAT?
IT'S A TOUGH GIG, BEING A PSYCHIC... YOU SURE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN HITTIN' A LITTLE OF THE HOO-HOO JUICE, MARTY?
JOKE AS YOU WILL, RAY. BUT I HAVE USED MY POWERS TO FIND THIS MAN. AND I HAVE A PHOTO!!!
YEAAAAH, KINDA LOOKS LIKE A SPECIAL EFFECTS TEST FOR A NEW GOONIES FLIC--
UHHRRRGHHH...
UH...
WILL... HELP?
THIS ISN'T FUNN--
SPLORCH!

NOW, A SUPER POWERED KILLER IS STALKING THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS PEOPLE.
AND VLAD IS THE NUMBER ONE SUSPECT.
BUT, IN A WORLD WHERE INFAMY IS A SURE TICKET TO CELEBRITY.....
WELL, HEY THERE, BIG STAR, TIME, NEWSWEEK, ROLLING STONE... YOUR MUG MADE THEM ALL..
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY WE'RE GONNA DRAW THIS GUY OUT. WE HAVE TO USE YOU AS BAIT.
THE WHOLE WORLD WANTS TO KNOW WHO YOU ARE, GET PRETTY VLAD... CUZ YOU'RE GOING ON THE BOOB TUBE.
VLAD AND SABBIE MUST AVOID BECOMING...
DEAD CELEBRITIES
EVERYONE GETS 15 MINUTES OF FAME. HE WANTS TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T LIVE... HKK.. UNH... MY HEAD... I'M THE VOICEOVER GUY! I'M A STAR! I CAN'T...
AAAGH!!
SPLARG!!

ONCE BITTEN
SPLOOSH
F.NALLY!
PFAAH. I TOLD 'EM. WANNA CATCH A VENGEFUL MURDEOUS SHARK?
ALL YOU NEED IS ONE OF THOSE CREEPY SILICONE SEX DOLLS, A BUNCH OF BLOOD...
...AND FOURTEEN POUNDS OF RAT POISON.
AND WHAT DO YOU GET?
ONE DEAD-AS-FUCK FISH WHOSE BODY COUNT JUST ENDED AT TEN.
PERHAPS WE GIVE UP SLASHER HUNT AND BECOME FISHERMEN.
HELL, NO! THIS BOAT SHIT MAKES ME SEA SICK. HOPEFULLY OL' BLACKFIN IS THE LAST SEA ANIMAL THAT FITS MY SLASHER SPECIFICATIONS.
SUN TAN

YES. HUMAN SLASHERS ARE SAD ENOUGH.
THOUGH I AM GLAD WE CAME TO THE SEA. I HAVE NEVER BEEN ON THE WATER. IT IS BEAUTIFUL AND....
...RELAXING?
GULP.
DRY LAND... DRY LAND...
WHAT?
WHAT?! WHAT DID I MISS?!
DRY LAND DRY LAND DRY LAND
THE END

PIN UP BY FEDERICA MANFREDI

PIN UP BY KATIE DeSOUSA
CASSIE

PIN UP BY ANDREW RITCHIE

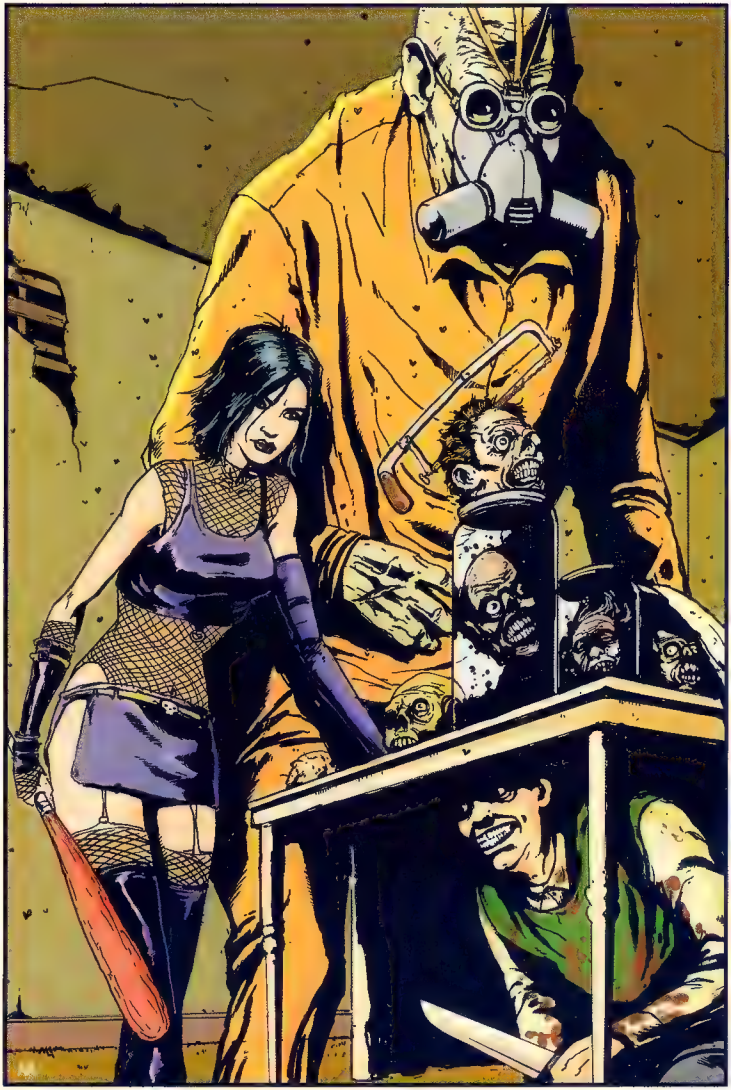


image
$6.99
64 PAGES!
THIRTEEN TALES OF NAKED FEAR
HACK/SLASH
TRAILERS PART TWO

IMAGE COMICS PRESENTS:

HACK/SLASH™

BEFORE SHE TRAVELED THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER VLAD, HUNTING DOWN AND DESTROYING SLASHERS, CASSIE HACK WAS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A SLASHER CALLED THE LUNCH LADY...

A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER MOTHER!

TRAILERS 2

THIRTEEN TALES OF NAKED FEAR!

BUTTERFACE
STORY: CHRIS BURNHAM
ART: STEPHEN MOLNAR
COLORS: BEN ELLEBRACHT
LETTERS: CRANK!

TOO CUTE
STORY: DENNIS HOPELESS
ART: KYLE STRAHM
COLORS: BUSTER MOODY
LETTERS: CRANK!

CAMPFIRE STORIES
STORY: SCOTT ALLIE
PENCILS: TODD HERMAN
INKS: JASON GORDER
COLORS: ANDREW DALHOUSE
LETTERS: NATE PIEKOS FOR BLAMBOT

EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EXECUTIONER
STORY, ART & LETTERS: RUS WOOTON

MALICE IN WUNDERLAND
STORY: SHANE WHITE
ART: DEV MADAN
COLORS: ZAC ATKINSON

ADDRESS ALL COMMENTS, INQUIRIES, PRAISE & COMPLAINTS TO: CASSIEANDVLAD@GMAIL.COM

HACK/SLASH: TRAILERS #2. NOVEMBER, 2010. Published by Image Comics, Inc. Office of publication: 2134 Allston Way, 2nd Floor, Berkeley CA 94704. Copyright © 2010 Hack/Slash, Inc. All rights reserved. Hack/Slash ™ (including all prominent characters featured herein), its logo and all character likenesses are trademarks of Hack/Slash, Inc. unless otherwise noted. Image Comics • and its logos are registered trademarks of Image Comics, inc. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means (except for short excerpts for review purposes) without the express written permission of Image Comics, Inc. All names, characters, events and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living, dead or undead), events or places, without satire intent, is coincidental. International Rights Representative: Christine Meyer (christine@cyberfrog.com). Printed in U.S.A. For information regarding the CIP/PA on this printed material call: 203-595-3636 and provide reference # FAST – 710596.

IMAGE COMICS, INC.
Robert Kirkman chief operating officer
Erik Larsen chief financial officer
Todd McFarlane president
Marc Silvestri chief executive officer
Jim Valentino vice-president
Eric Stephenson publisher
Todd Martinez sales & licensing coordinator
Betsy Gomez pr & marketing coordinator
Branwyn Bigglestone accounts manager
Sarah deLaine administrative assistant
Tyler Shainline production manager
Drew Gill art director
Jonathan Chan production artist
Monica Howard production artist
Vincent Kukua production artist
Kevin Yuen production artist
www.imagecomics.com

BLOOD ON THE DANCEFLOOR
STORY & ART: KEVIN MELLON
LETTERS: CRANK!

Wallow in Death
STORY: MIKE OLIVERI
ART & LETTERS: SEAN K. DOVE

RAPE VAN
STORY: MIKE NORTON
ART: BRENT SCHOONOVER
COLORS: NATE LOVETT
LETTERS: CRANK!

HOME, HOME ON DERANGE
STORY: STEVE SEELEY
ART: JENNY FRISON
LETTERS: JOSH EMMONS

DEADBEATS!
STORY: GAIL SIMONE
ART: CHRIS MORENO
LETTERS: CRANK!

HACK, SLASH, REPEAT
STORY & LETTERS: ALEX GRECIAN
ART: RILEY ROSSMO
COLORS: KELLY TINDALL

WOMB WITH A VIEW
STORY: B. CLAY MOORE
ART: DANIEL LIESTER
COLORS: JEFF BALKE
LETTERS: RUS WOOTON

PSYCHE
STORY: J. TORRES
ART: JOE SONG
LETTERS: RUS WOOTON

COVER: TIM SEELEY & NEI RUFFINO

EDITS & DESIGN: SAM WELLS

HAHAHAHAHA
HAHAHAHAHA
HAHAHA
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
HAHAHAHAHA
HA HA HA HA
HAHAHAHAHA
HAHAHAHAHA
HAHAHA
'TEN YEARS AGO...
A HIGH SCHOOL GIRL WAS THE VICTIM OF A HORRIBLE PRANK...

"...THAT WOULD CHANGE THIS SMALL TOWN FOREVER...
COME ON, QUIT WITH THE MOVIE VOICE.
TELL IT RIGHT
OKAY, OKAY..
HAHA!
ABOUT TEN YEARS AGO THERE WAS A GIRL...
NAMED EMILY WARREN.
"SHE WAS THE UGLIEST GIRL IN SCHOOL...
"...THE BUTT OF EVERY JOKE AND THE TARGET OF EVERY PRANK."
ONE YEAR, THE SECOND UGLIEST KID IN SCHOOL ASKS HER TO THE HOMECOMING DANCE.
SHE AGREES, AND THEY HAVE A GREAT TIME... DANCING, DRINKING, GETTING THEIR PICTURES TAKEN, THE WHOLE THING.
THEY WIND UP AT AN AFTER-PARTY, FIND A ROOM...
AND START GOING AT IT LIKE TWO SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLDS THAT HAVE NEVER BEEN KISSED AND DON'T THINK THEY EVER WILL AGAIN.
BUT, JUST AS HE FINALLY FIGURES OUT HOW TO GET HER BRA OFF, THE LIGHTS COME ON AND A HALF-DOZEN KIDS POP OUT OF THE CLOSET
AND THEY JUST STARE IN SILENCE, BECAUSE UNDER HER MANGLED FACE AND BAGGY CLOTHES...

"...EMILY WAS HIDING THE MOST SHOCKINGLY PERFECT NAKED BODY THAT ANY OF THEM HAD EVER SEEN."
THE SILENCE ONLY LASTED A SECOND, THOUGH, BECAUSE SOMEONE YELLED 'BUTTERFACE'.
AND THEN THEY WERE ALL LAUGHING AND SCREAMING!
'BUTTERFACE!
BUTTERFACE!'
"AND SHE RAN OUT INTO THE PARTY, WHERE EVERYONE WAS LAUGHING AND CACKLING 'BUTTERFACE! BUTTERFACE! BUTTERFACE!'
"SHE RAN, NAKED AND CRYING, AWAY FROM THE PARTY, OUT INTO THE NIGHT...AND WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN. THEY NEVER FOUND HER BODY...MOST PEOPLE FIGURE SHE KILLED HERSELF DEEP IN THESE ENDLESS WOODS.
"BUT OVER THE LAST TEN YEARS, EVERYONE THAT WAS AT THAT PARTY HAS EITHER DISAPPEARED...HAD A DISFIGURING ACCIDENT...OR BEEN OUTRIGHT MURDERED.
"EVERY...
"...LAST...
"...ONE."

THEY SAY BUTTERFACE KILLED THEM. AND THEY SAY SHE'S STILL OUT THERE, WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO SEE PAST HER HIDEOUS FACE, PAST HER AMAZING BODY, AND LOVE HER FOR WHO SHE IS.
AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, IF THE STORIES ARE TRUE...
I WOULD LOVE TO PUT A BAG OVER HER HEAD AND LOVE HER ALL NIGHT LONG!
YOU ARE GOING TO HELL, BRADLEY.
HELL FUCK YEAH!
BRADLEY!
OH! I'M BURNING, I'M BURNING!
AGH!! I'M BURNING! I'M BURNING!!
THIS SUMMER...
BEAUTY IS ONLY SKIN DEEP

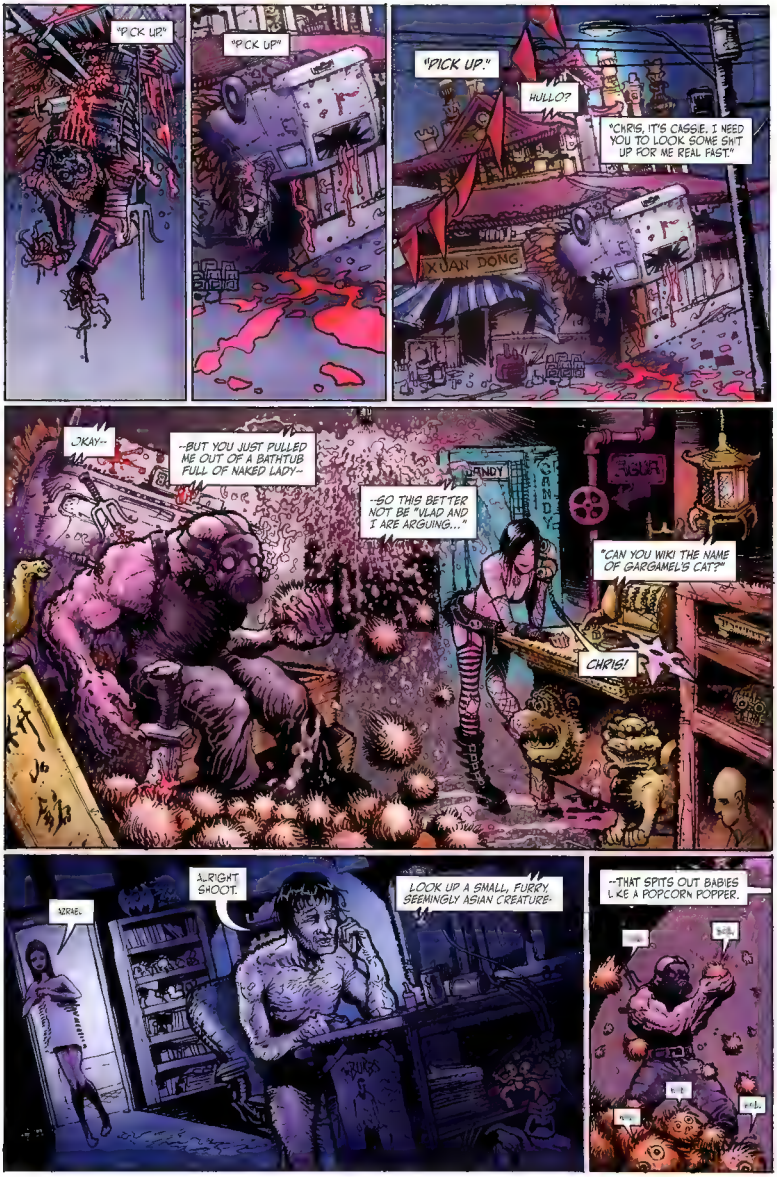
...BUT TERROR CUTS TO THE BONE.
NICE RACK.
SHAME I'M GONNA HAVE TO PAINT IT WITH YOUR BRAINS.

BUTTERFACE

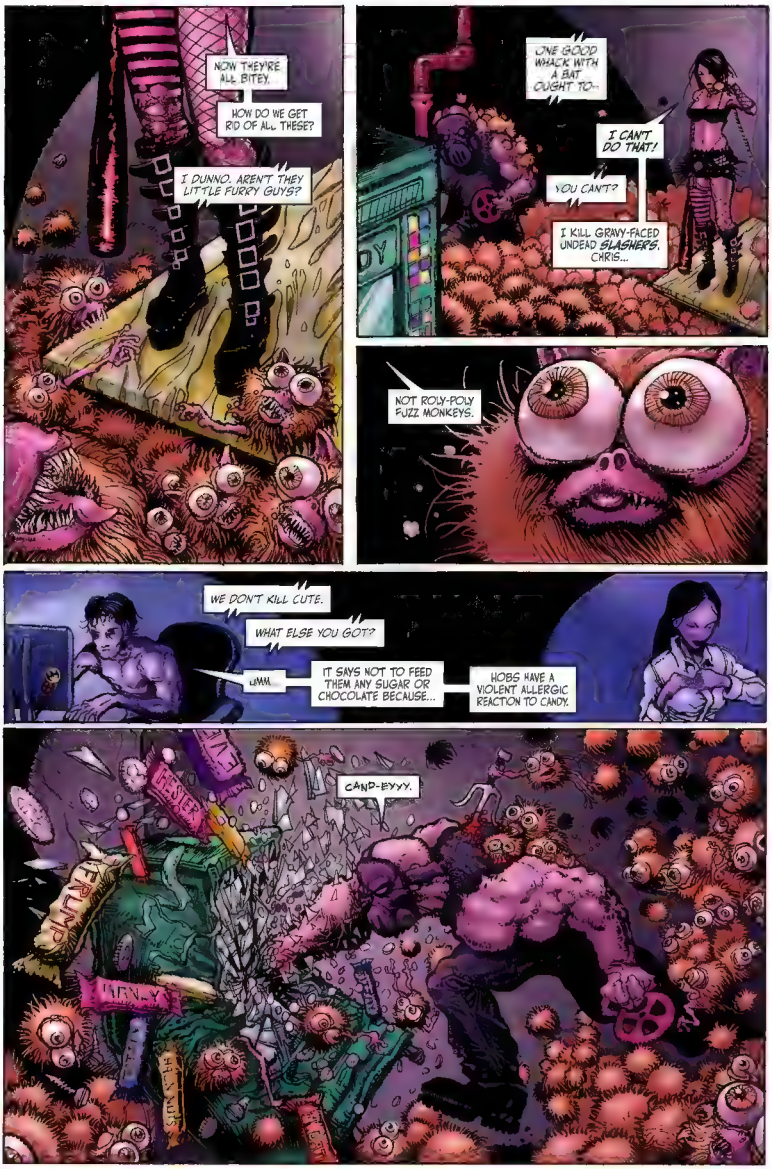
STORY: CHRIS BURNHAM
ART: STEPHEN MOLNAR
COLOR: BEN ELLEBRACHT
LETTERS: CRANK!

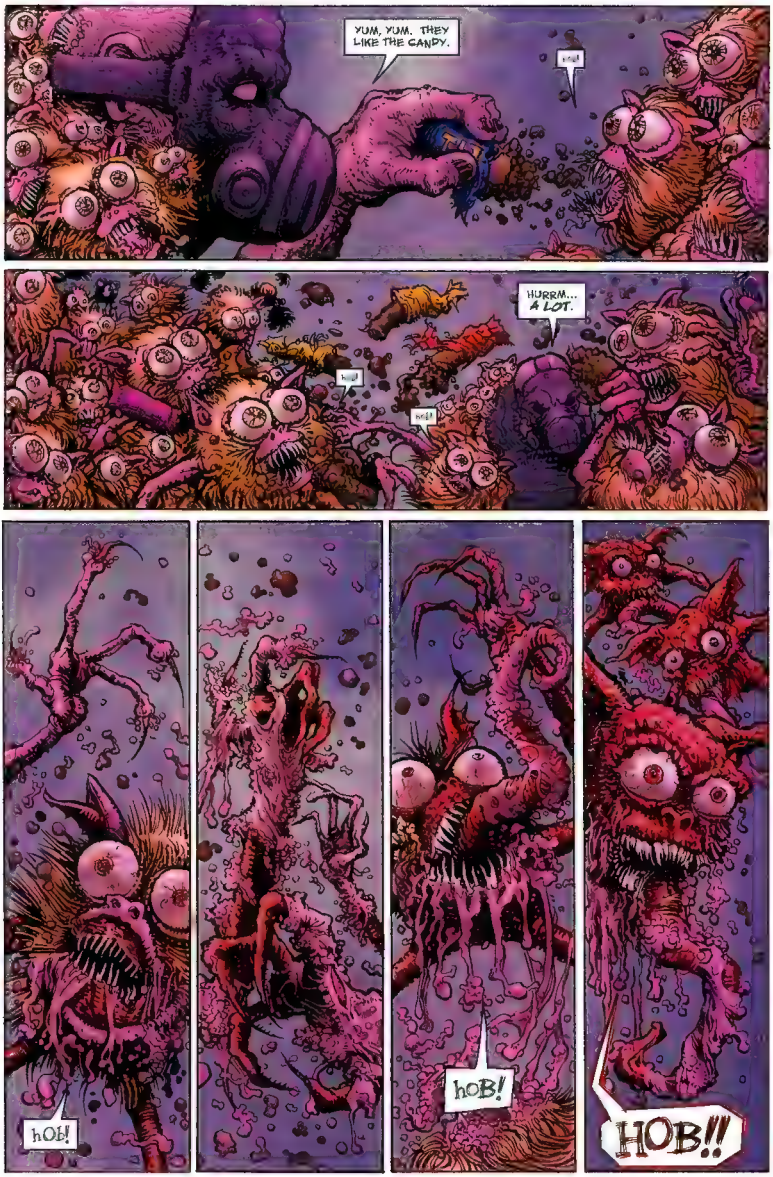
I'M SORRY I MADE FUN OF YOU...

I'M SORRY I MADE FUN OF YOU...


"PICK UP."
"PICK UP."
"PICK UP."
HULLO?
"CHRIS, IT'S CASSIE. I NEED YOU TO LOOK SOME SHIT UP FOR ME REAL FAST."
XUAN DONG
-OKAY--
--BUT YOU JUST PULLED ME OUT OF A BATHTUB FULL OF NAKED LADY--
--SO THIS BETTER NOT BE "VLAD AND I ARE ARGUING..."
CANDY
"CAN YOU WIKI THE NAME OF GARGAMEL'S CAT?"
CHRIS!
ALRIGHT SHOOT.
LOOK UP A SMALL, FURRY, SEEMINGLY ASIAN CREATURE-
--THAT SPITS OUT BABIES LIKE A POPCORN POPPER.

HOB
O-KAY..
THAT SOUNDS LIKE A "HOB."
RARE VIETNAMESE FUR GOBLIN POPULAR IN PAN-AS AN CRYPTOZOOLOGY CIRCLES FOR ITS BIZARRE REPRODUCTIVE SYSTEM, RESTRICTIVE DIET AND...OVERWHELMING CUTENESS.
HEY!
HERE'S A RECIPE FOR HOB-KEBOBS.
APPARENTLY THEY'RE GOOD EATIN'
HOW DO I MAKE IT STOP PROCREATING!!
OH. JUST GET IT OUT OF THE WATER.
THEY REPRODUCE WHEN WET.
MUHR... WATERRR.
OFF.
AWESOME, THAT WORKED.
BUT UM.


NOW THEY'RE ALL BITEY.
HOW DO WE GET RID OF ALL THESE?
I DUNNO. AREN'T THEY LITTLE FURRY GUYS?
ONE GOOD WHACK WITH A BAT OUGHT TO--
I CAN'T DO THAT!
YOU CAN'T?
I KILL GRAVY-FACED UNDEAD SLASHERS, CHRIS...
NOT ROLY-POLY FUZZ MONKEYS.
WE DON'T KILL CUTE.
WHAT ELSE YOU GOT?
UMM...
IT SAYS NOT TO FEED THEM ANY SUGAR OR CHOCOLATE BECAUSE...
HOBS HAVE A VIOLENT ALLERGIC REACTION TO CANDY.
CAND-EYYY.


YUM, YUM. THEY LIKE THE CANDY.
HURRM... A LOT.
hOB!
hOB!
hOB!!

NOW THAT..
IS MORE FUCKING LIKE IT!
end!

MAN, THAT GODDAMN TABER...
HE PUTS ON A FAKE MOUSTACHE AND AN ARMY JACKET JUST TO BUY BOOZE FOR A PARTY--AND BOOM!
U.S. MAIL
CAMPFIRE STORIES
CHRIS AND REILLY WILL NEVER BELIEVE THIS.
CHILL OUT. REILLY ALREADY HAS A PICKUP SET, BUT WE GOTTA HUSTLE. THE AGAWAM DINER AT--
AIIIE!
VLAD/ NO, YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW--

BY ALLIE/HERMAN/GORDER/DALHOUSE/PIEKOS
FOR TIM, BEST WISHES, GET WELL SOON, SHUT THE HELL UP

...IF IT'S... A...
KILLER
COME ON, THIS IS US WE'RE TALKING ABOUT..
I DON'T WANNA BE OUT HERE...
SCARED OF THE HATCHET MAN?
IT HAPPENED AGAIN..
I'M NUH-NUH-NOT GOING BACK IN THAT CABIN...
EXCUSE ME, CAMPER? WHAT ARE YOU WEARING?
THIS BEVY OF BAWDY BITCHES AND YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT MY BRA?
ARE YOU A CAMPER HERE--?
I'M CHIEF OF POLICE, AND I'D LIKE A LITTLE RESPECT.
THINK YOU CAN MANAGE?

Um, GOOD. SO WHY ARE THEY ALL OUT IN THEIR PANTIES?
IT'S... CABIN EIGHT.
SUH-SUH-SUH-SOMETHING... BEHIND ME WHILE I SUH-SUH-SUH-SLEPT...
HAUNTED CABIN™. QUAINT.
VLAD, YOU WANT THE CABIN, OR YOU WANNA GUARD THE EYE-CAND--
HURR.
ACTUALLY, WE'LL BOTH GO IN
I SEE NOTHING.
YOU SMELL NOTHING WEARING THAT, BUT THERE'S MORE THAN MAXIPADS AND MILDEWY TOWELS HERE..
Y'KNOW, TRAVELING WITH YOU, HAUNTINGS ARE PRETTY SUBTLE. THAT CREEPING FEELING WHEN THE HAIRS ON YOUR NECK STAND UP?
IT'S GOT NOTHING ON A SEVEN-FOOT FORMER SLASHER AT YOUR SIDE.

BAM
SMASH
OH, CRAP--!
--SHOULD'VE GUARDED THE EYE CANDY.
IT...IT WAS...
...THE HATCHET MAN.

A HATCHET MAN™ AND A HAUNTED CABIN™...?
THIS CAMP HAS EVERYTHING!
VLAD!
"UP AND AT 'EM, VLAD!"
HURR.
♪ SOUTHERN TREES BEAR STRANGE FRUIT-- ♫
Mmmm!
♪ BLOOD ON THE LEAVES, BLOOD ON THE ROOT-- ♩

♫ BODY SWINGING INNA SUMMER BREEZE--♪
♩ STRANGE FRUIT HANGING FROM THE APPLE TREES! ♪
ALL RIGHT! WE PROMISE YOU A CLEAN CUT, YER FINE SKIN NOT T' TEAR ONNA EDGE...
THWAKK
Mmm!
Ooh. SORRY-- THAT WAS SLOPPY. JUST LOOK AT ALL THAT TEARING... EW.
HAVE YOU DOWN IN A SEC, HON.

AHH!
CHOP
HATCHET MEN™!
RIP
BATTER UP!
WHY DON' WE KNOCK OUR STICKS TOGETHER FER A WHILE, SEE WHOSE ARMS--Er, ARM-- GITS TIRED FIRST!
THEN YOU C'N LAY DOWN, 'N' WE'LL BUMP UGLIES TILL THE FIGHT COMES BACK INTO YOU--

?

CHOMP

A GIANT SNAPPING TURTLE™ TOO, huh?
OF CUH-CUH-COURSE.
..AND TRACKED THE MURDERER TO CHINATOWN, WHERE WE CUT OFF HIS HEAD.
BUT, HAVING DONE SO, WE SET LOOSE DOZENS OF TINY CREATURES, WHICH SWARMED US WITH TEETH LIKE PIRANHA--- NOT UNLIKE THE CARTOON ON YOUR SHIRT.
OW-- THANKS, BUT..
..SHOULDN'T WE CLEAN THIS PLACE UP?
THEN--WHEN THE BEASTS HAD FED--THEY WERE ALL THE MORE TERRIBLE, AND CASSANDRA AND I FACED THEM ARMED ONLY WITH THAT BAT, AND TWO MEAT CLEAVERS...!
The End

THIS WINTER, WITNESS THE NEW MEANING OF EQUAL OPPORTUNITY...
HERE YA GO, BIRDIES.
...WHEN CASSIE HACK PROVES...
MAY I...?
BUT, OF COURSE, KIDDO.
...THAT WHEN IT COMES TO SLASHERS, SHE DOES NOT DISCRIMINATE.
THANKS, MY FEET ARE KILLING ME.
HEH, HEH-HEH... FEET... KILLING YOU.
KILLING YOU. HEH...HEH HEH...

I'M SORRY? DID YOU SAY SOMETHIG, SIR?
OH, UM... NO, NO...I... PLEASE, DON'T CALL ME "SIR."
IT, UH... MAKES ME FEEL... OLD.
NOT ON THE BASIS OF RACE, COLOR...
OH, OKAY. I'M CASSIE, BY THE WAY.
WHAT SHOULD I CALL YOU?
...RELIGION, SEX...
RAMBO!
...NATIONAL ORIGIN...
OH, RIGHT-- BECAUSE OF THE BIG, SCARY KNIFE.
MM'KAY.
...DISABILITY...
...OR AGE.

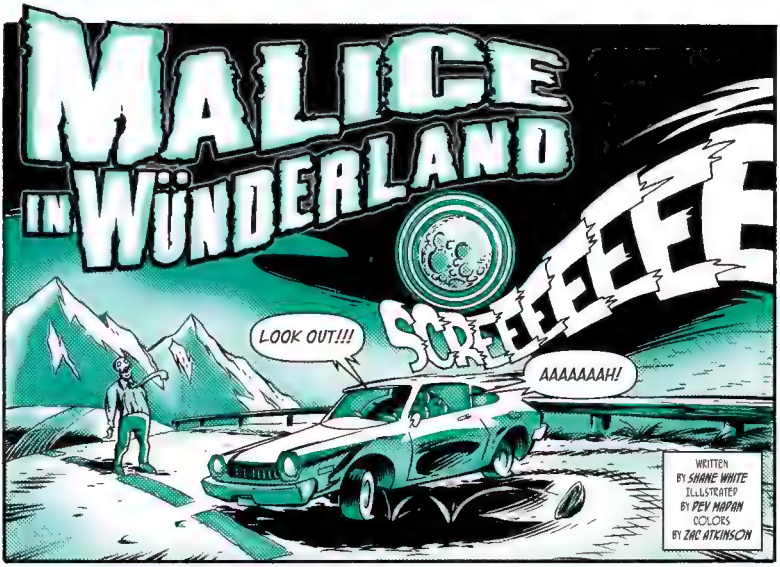
HACK/SLASH

E·Θ·E

EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EXECUTIONER

COMING SOON TO A THEATER NEAR YOU...

WORDS, PICTURES, COLORS, LETTERS BY - **RUS WOOTON**


MALICE IN WÜNDERLAND
SCREEEEEE
LOOK OUT!!!
AAAAAAAH!
WRITTEN BY SHANE WHITE
ILLUSTRATED BY PEV MORAN
COLORS BY ZAC ATKINSON

DON'T WORRY CASSIE, HE WAS ALREADY DEAD.
DEFINITELY THE HANDIWORK OF...
SHH...I JUST SAW SOMETHING MOVE OVER THERE.

THREE DAYS ON THE ROAD AND I'M SICK OF HUNTING THIS DOPPELGANGER.
I MISS SLEEPING IN MY OWN BED.

BOSSSSS... WE HAVE UNINVITED GUESTSSS!
I'M AFRAID WE'RE BOOKED UP INDEFINITELY...
IT'S TRUE WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE HIGH SEASON.
DID WE JUST STEP ONTO THE UNIVERSAL STUDIOS BACKLOT?
YOU DIDN'T HAPPEN TO SEE SOMEONE COME THROUGH HERE WITH A MESSED UP...UH...FACE?
MISS?
I'M SORRY... WHAT IS THIS PLACE ANY...
PLIP PLIP
CRASH

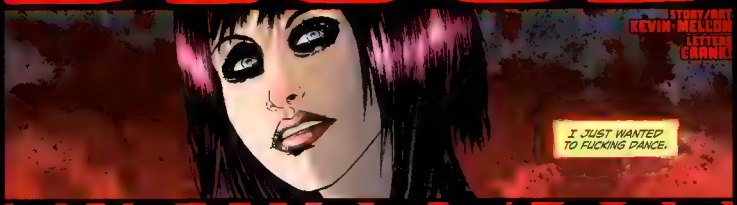
I DON'T KNOW WHY BUT THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS.
HURRY, I THINK IT CAME FROM THIS...
SHOPPE
AAAH!
I SEEM TO HAVE MISPLACED MY FAVORITE KNIFE...UCK
DAD?
OH THAT'S JUST BILLY CARVER THE BUTCHER.
NO KIDDING.
WHO HAS JUST BEEN BUTCHED.
UH...THIS *WAS* BILLY CARVER.
WHOOMF!
THIS IS TERRIBLE! WHAT CURSE HAVE YOU PEOPLE WROUGHT UPON US?
WE'RE CHASING A KILLER WHO USES HIS VICTIM'S FACE AS A MASK.
WE NEED TO GET EVERYONE OUT IN THE OPEN TO KEEP THEM SAFE.
MR. LAWRY, SOUND THE ALARM.

KLANG
KLANG
KLANG
WHAT'S GOING ON?
DID SOMETHING HAPPEN?
WHERE'S BILLY?
FRIENDS, I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT THERE'S A MURDERER AMONG US.
DON'T ANYBODY MOVE OR THIS WOMAN GETS IT!
AHHH!
ULP!
IF YOU TWO MEDDLING KIDS HADN'T FOLLOWED ME SO CLOSELY...
...I WOULD HAVE BEEN TO NEW YORK BY NOW, JUST IN TIME FOR NEW YEARS!

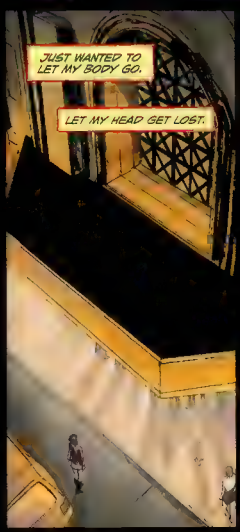
SMASH!
UNHAND MY SISTER-HALF BRIGAND!
CONJOINED TWINS?
FREAKY.
GASP!
I THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD?
HOW AWFUL.
DICK CLARK, ARE YOU KIDDING? HE'LL NEVER DIE.
I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR WANTING TO STAY HIDDEN FROM THE PUBLIC EYE. YOUR SECRETS ARE SAFE WITH US.
I APPRECIATE YOUR CANDOR IN THIS MATTER.
MAY YOUR JOURNEY BE SAFE WITH THAT MADMAN IN YOUR MIDST.
YOU FOOLS, NOW YOU KNOW MY SECRET TO ETERNAL YOUTH...
...UNTIE ME, SO I CAN KILL YOU BOTH!
VLAD, DO SOMETHING TO SHUT HIM UP!
THE END

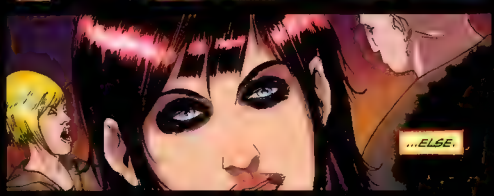
BLOOD

STORY/ART
KEVIN MELLON
LETTERS
CRANK!



ON THE DANCE FLOOR





I'M NOT EXACTLY THE KINDA GIRL TO FIGHT AND FUCK AND ALL THAT SHIT.
USUALLY JUST FIGHT AND FRUSTRATE.
A LOT OF FIGHT.
SHIT, AND LATELY, A LOT OF FRUSTRATE.
SO I JUST WANTED TO DANCE.
ONE NIGHT, HELL, ONE HOUR, EVEN.
JUST MAD BEATS, HOT LIGHTS AND SWEATY FEET.
ALL OF US MOVING TOGETHER AS ONE.

THERE'S THIS THING THAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU GET IN THE RIGHT CLUB, WITH THE RIGHT DJ AND THE RIGHT CROWD:
THIS THING THAT HAPPENS WHERE YOU GET SO LOST IN THE MOVEMENT AND THE MUSIC THAT, AFTER A WHILE, YOU CAN'T TELL IF IT'S YOUR HEART OR THE 808 KEEPING YOU ALIVE.
THE BEAT KICKS UP A LITTLE AND YOUR HEART STUTTERS TO CATCH UP.
THEN AN ATOM BOMB OF BASS NAGASAKIS YOUR CHEST.
FOR THAT SECOND, YOUR HEART STOPS AND THE ADRENALINE THAT'S BEEN SURGING THROUGH YOU THE WHOLE TIME, BUT WERE BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF, COMES CRASHING IN LIKE A MOTHER-FUCKER.
A FOUR ON THE FLOOR DEFIBRILLATOR, BRINGING YOU BACK FROM THE LIGHT.
EYES SHUT, HEAD BACK.
CHEEKS FLUSH, SMILE WIDE.
ARMS UP, ASS OUT.
I LOVE THAT SHIT.
FUCKING LOVE IT.

THEN SOME ASSHAT HAS TO COME ALONG AND RUIN MY PARTY DRESS.
WHY?
FUCK IF I KNOW. MOMMY ISSUES, DADDY ISSUES, CREEPY SIT-ON-MY-LAP TOUCHY-FEELY UNCLE/PRIEST/MALL SANTA ISSUES.
ALL THE FUCKING SAME.
ALL THE BOILING POT KNOWS IS THAT IT'S HOT. DOESN'T NEED A REASON TO OVERFLOW. JUST AN OPENING.
AND OF COURSE, IT MUST BE WEDNESDAY, BECAUSE I'M HERE TO GET AWAY FROM ALL OF THIS AND IT FUCKING FOLLOWS ME, SEEKS ME OUT. A KETTLE WHISTLE ONLY I CAN HEAR.
ONLY I CAN STOP.
I JUST WANTED TO FUCKING DANCE.
FIN!

WALLOW IN DEATH

WRITEN BY MIKE OLIVERI
ILLUSTRATIONS BY SEAN DOVE

SOOOiiiEEE!
WHACK!
TOK
TOK
VLAD!
WHUMPH!
OW, SHIT!
CRUNK!

OOF!

THIS IS LIKE... HAVING... A BOYFRIEND!
WRÉÉÉ!
WRÉÉÉ!

SHHHUNK

OH THANK GOD! CUT ME LOOSE!
YOU OKAY?
I'M FINE. LET'S GET READY BEFORE HE

YOU FUCKERS KILLED MAH PIG!
LOOK OUT!

OOOOFF!

FINISH IT.
GAAAHH! MAH BOYS!

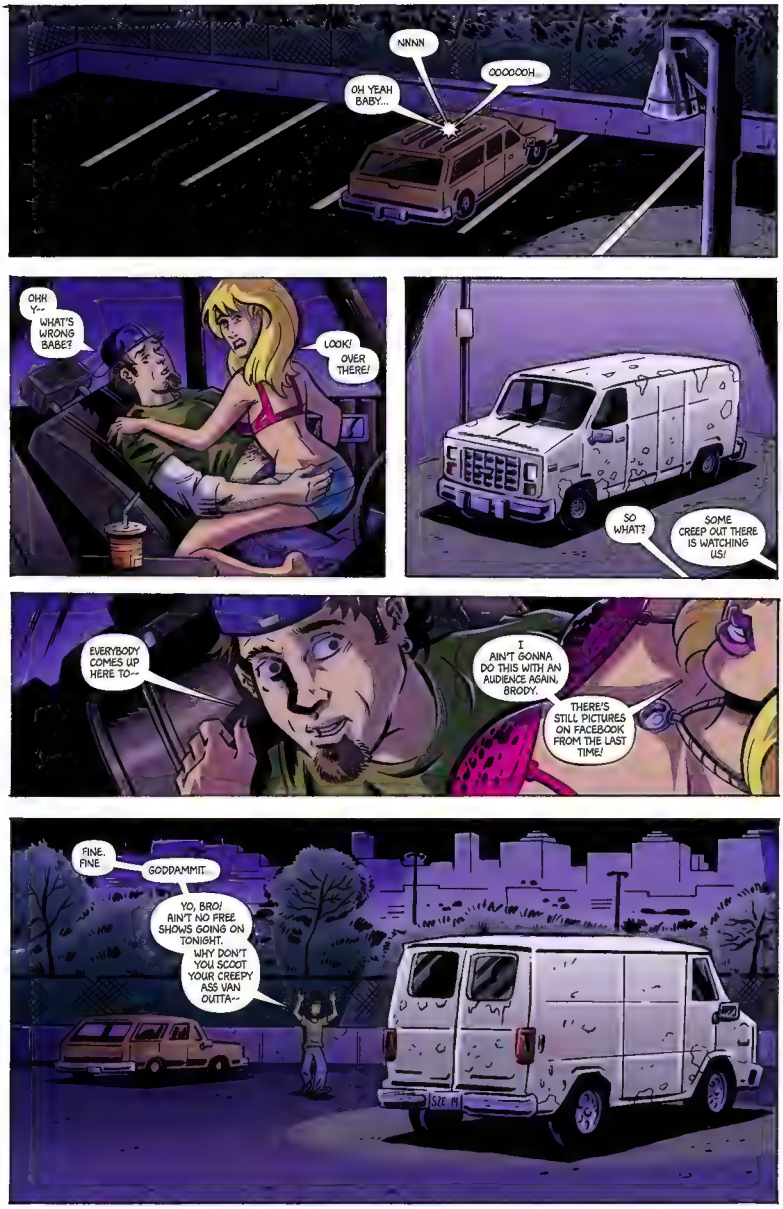
SHLUNK

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.
HEY! WHAT ABOUT ME!
YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS SLAUGHTERED HIS FAVORITE PIG IN FRONT OF HIM, THEN POSTED IT ON YOUTUBE, RIGHT?
B-BUT, IT WAS JUST A GAG...

THEN YOU BEAT HIM UP AND LEFT HIM IN A PEN WHERE HE WAS TRAMPLED AND DROWNED IN MUD AND SHIT.
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!

AN ACCIDENT THAT LED TO THE DEATH OF FOUR OF YOUR FRIENDS BEFORE I CAME ALONG.
WAY I SEE IT, YOU CAN STAY RIGHT THERE, COOL OFF 'TIL MORNING.
B-BUT

I LIKE WHAT I DO, BUT I DON'T ENJOY CLEANING UP MESSES LEFT BY PEOPLE LIKE YOU.
COME BACK HERE, YOU BITCH! CUT ME LOOSE!
HUR-HUR, WISH WE COULD SEE THE FARMHANDS' FACES IN THE MORNING.

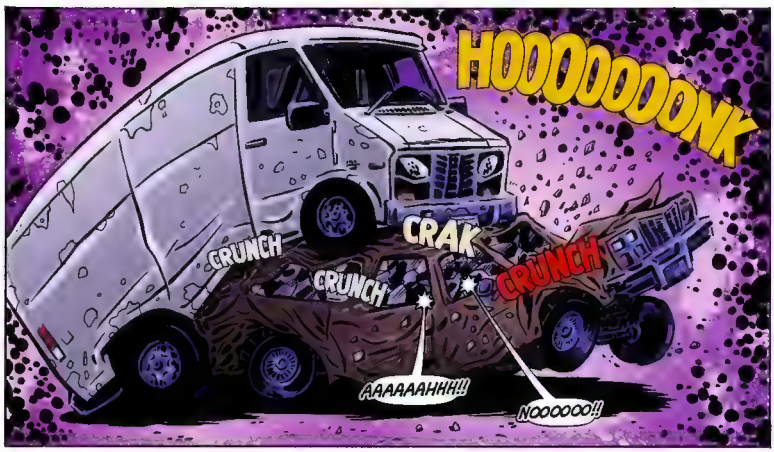

NNNN
OOOOOOH
OH YEAH BABY...
OKK Y-- WHAT'S WRONG BABE?
LOOK! OVER THERE!
SO WHAT?
SOME CREEP OUT THERE IS WATCHING US!
EVERYBODY COMES UP HERE TO--
I AIN'T GONNA DO THIS WITH AN AUDIENCE AGAIN, BRODY.
THERE'S STILL PICTURES ON FACEBOOK FROM THE LAST TIME!
FINE. FINE
GODDAMMIT.
YO, BRO! AIN'T NO FREE SHOWS GOING ON TONIGHT. WHY DON'T YOU SCOOT YOUR CREEPY ASS VAN OUTTA--
SIZE M

--HERE?

HEY BABY!
FALSE ALARM!

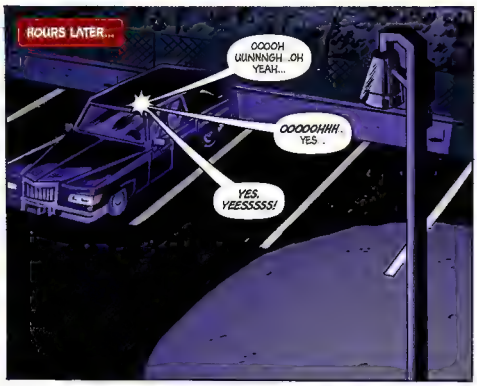
GOOD, NOW GET YOUR ASS BACK IN HERE!
YES! LET'S DO--

HOOOOONK
--THIS?!
WHAT THE HELL?!


HOOOOOOONK
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
CRAK
CRUNCH
AAAAAAHH!!
NOOOOOO!!

THE NEXT MORNING...
THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR NOT GETTING A ROOM, GUYS
HRMMM. THIS WAS A SLASHER?
ACCORDING TO THE INTEL I GOT, THIS IS THE BIG MAKE-OUT SPOT FOR THE KIDS IN TOWN.
WHOEVER'S DOING THIS IS BOUND TO COME BACK.

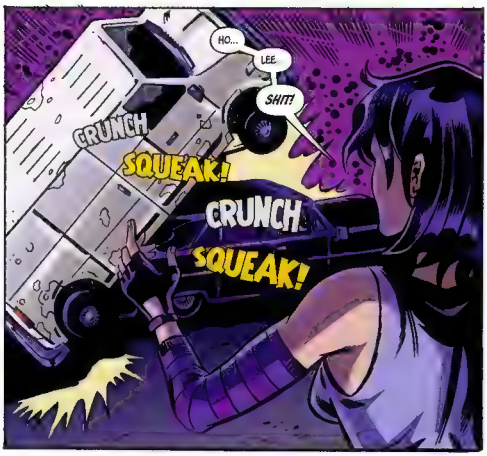
YOU UP FOR ANOTHER STAKEOUT?
I LOVE THAT MOVIE. ROSIE O'DONNELL... HEH.

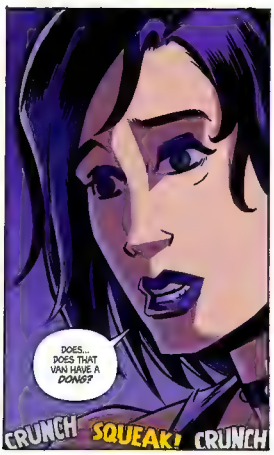

HOURS LATER...
OOOOH WUNNNGH..OH YEAH...
OOOOOHHH. YES.
YES, YEESSSSS!

I KNOW IT'S NOT THE MOVIE YOU WANTED, BUT IT'S ALL I COULD FIND WHEN I GOT THAT PORTABLE DVD PLAYER FROM THE PAWN SHOP.
BESIDES, WE NEED BAIT AND WE CAN WRITE IT OFF ON OUR TAXES.
WE PAY TAXES?
OOOH!
UHNNN!
HARDER!
HARDER!

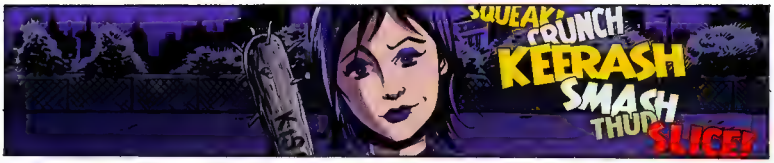
RRUUUMMMBLE
CRASH
WHAT THE HELL?!

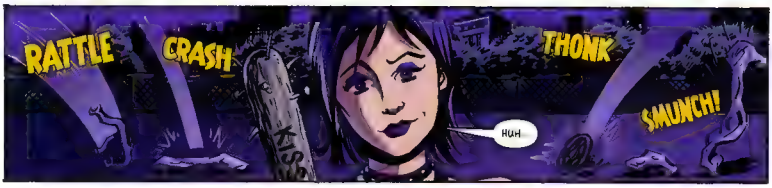
OKAY NUT-HUG, NOBODY MESSES WITH MY CA--


HO...
LEE.
SHIT!
CRUNCH
SQUEAK!
CRUNCH
SQUEAK!


DOES... DOES THAT VAN HAVE A DONG?
CRUNCH
SQUEAK!
CRUNCH

NOT FOR LONG
CRUNCH
SQUEAK!
CRUNCH
SQUEAK!





RAPE VAN

WRITER
MIKE NORTON

ART
BRENT SCHOONOVER

COLORS
NATE LOVETT

LETTERS
CRANK!

SOMEWHERE IN NEVADA, 184-
WE WILL PRAY FOR THEIR SOULS.
THEY MUST FIND PEACE FROM THIS HELL.
FUCKING SAVAGES.
POW POW POW
WE MUSTN'T BREAK THE CIRCLE!
THEIR SOULS WILL BE TRAPPED!

SOMEWHERE IN NEVADA, TODAY
IS IT ANIMAL?
UNLESS NEVADA IS POPULATED BY PUNK ROCKING FELLATIO GIVING DEER?
NOT A CHANCE.
NO BODIES... JUST PIECES.
BUT BY THE AMOUNT OF BLOOD, I'D SAY 20-25 DEAD.
WHAT DO YA THINK VLAD?
MAN-EATING CAMPER?
KILLER TORNADO?
RUMBLERUMBLE
OR MAYBE SOME SORT OF...
...OF...
MBLERUMBLERUMBLERUMBLERUMBLERUM

"...STAMPEDE."

HOME, HOME ON DERANGE

WRITING: STEVE SEELEY
ARTING: JENNY FRISON
LETTERS: JOSH EMMONS

RRROAAARRRGRRRR

OH.

SHIT.

MI MIMIMIMI MI MI MIMIMI
MORE BLACK
NOIR
MIDNIGHT
DARKNESS
PITCH BLACK
BLACK
BLACK MULE
BLACK SABBATH
BLACK DYNAMITE
MORE BLACK
E CAUTION CRIME SCENE
POLICE CAUTION CRIME SCENE
POLICE C
LA LA LALALALALA LA
READY, HANDSOME?
YES. BREAK A LEG.
AND A SPLEEN.
HIT IT!
WELL, I HAVE FOUGHT WEREWOLVES AND VAMPIRE LORDS.
I'VE KILLED SLASHERS AND SICKOS WITH SICKLES AND SWORDS.
O IN THERE
FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, DON'T GO IN THERE!
FOR T
BUT I MUST CONFESS, I'VE NOT SEEN SUCH A MESS...
...AS THE DAY ZOMBIES ATE UP THE TONY AWARDS!
the STYX THEATER PRESENTS
HACK/SLASH in
DEADBEATS!
"Hilarious and Repulsive!" - Gail Simone, Writer's Die-gest
"I can't stop dancing!" - Chris Moreno, Spurts Illustrated
"I laughed, I cried, I puked!" - crank!, Pethouse Letters

OH! OH! WHO ARE YOU WEARING?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT DEFINES ME!
I MUST ADMIT THAT THE DREAMS IN MY HEAD...
WERE OF DANCING AND SINGING, NOT OF LIVING DEAD...
BUT TO MAKE QUITE A SIGHT, ON THIS MAGICAL NIGHT...
...LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T TURN THE CARPETS ALL RED!
OH!
OH!
MOM? MOMMY?
DON'T THINK SHE WAS A ZOMBIE. STILL HAD A PULSE.
EH, IT WAS DARK, MISTAKES WERE MADE. YOU WANT ME TO FEEL GUILTY FOREVER?
OH, MY GOD, HOW IT SMELLS LIKE AN OUTHOUSE IN HERE...!
CASSIE LOOK, THERE'S A ZOMBIE ON THAT CHANDELIER!
ARE THERE TASTIES DOWN THERE?
DO I DETECT MOVEMENT?

HEY, ON YOUR FACE THE ZOMBIE LOOK'S QUITE AN IMPROVEMENT.
THE MUSIC OF THE NIGHT, THIS MURDEROUS TRADITION...
...WAS JUST COMPENSATION FOR MY SKIN CONDITION!
OW.
WE SING AND WE DANCE AND EAT FLESH ALL NIGHT LONG!
NOT "BRIGHT SIDE OF DEATH," PLEASE; I'M SICK OF THAT SONG!

Intermission

I'LL GET YOU MY PRETTY AND YOUR GREAT BIG DOG, TOO!
BITCH, YOU RUINED A CLASSIC AND THAT IS TABOO.
IT SEEMS THAT THIS PERFORMANCE IS TOO COMPLICATED.
ALL IN ALL I MUST SAY, BROADWAY'S WAY OVERRATED!
I DON'T WANT TO ALARM YOU, BUT MY AMMO'S ALL GONE!
JUST KEEP KILLING AND KILLING, THE SHOW MUST GO ON!
YOU KNOW WHAT?
ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, I THINK I PREFER THE CINEMA ARTS.
DO YOU THINK THERE ARE ANY SCONES LEFT?
FIN

SHHH. NO CRYING NOW. THIS IS A GREAT DAY FOR YOU. YOU HAVE THE HONOR OF BEING THE RIPPER'S SIXTH VICTIM.
PLEASE DON'T.
HEY, JACK!
NICE HAT, ASSHOLE.
YOU'RE NOT GONNA HAVE A SIXTH VICTIM, BY THE WAY 'CAUSE I'M ABOUT TO MAKE YOU DISAPPEAR FOREVER.
IS THAT--? IT CAN'T BE!
CASSIE HACK 2030
BUT IT IS! IT'S A TIME MACHINE, LIKE THE ONE IN WELLS'S NEW BOOK!
THE FUTURE IS MINE!
ARE YOU OKAY?
HE'S GETTING AWAY!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM. HE'S NOT GOING AS FAR AS HE THINKS HE IS.

AH, YES!
NOW I HAVE TIME TO KILL!

WHORES OF THE FUTURE...
MEET YOUR DOOM!
ZAP
EH?
HEY, JACK, GUESS WHAT... IT'S NOT A TIME MACHINE. IT'S A REALITY MACHINE. IT ACCESSES PARALLEL DIMENSIONS.
AND I CAN CONTROL IT WITH MY BAT.
REALITY?
ZAP
ZAP
ZAP
I CAN ACCESS AN INFINITE NUMBER OF DIFFERENT WORLDS, JACK. AND EVERY ONE OF THOSE WORLDS HAS A VERSION OF ME.
ZAP
ZAP
ZAP
ZAP

TAZZIE HACK
PHIN PHANG PHAK
KASSIMONGA
CASSIE BLACK
CASE H/S
THERE'S A WHOLE LOT OF US, JACK.
AND YOU PISS US ALL OFF!
CASSIE ACK
SUPER-CASSIE III
CASSIOPEIA HACK
TALLAHASSEE HACK
CASSIE SMACK
HACK, SLASH, REPEAT
BY ALEX GRECIAN & RILEY ROSSMO AND KELLY TINDALL

WELL, I'LL BE. HOW IN THE WORLD --
WHAT IS IT, DOCTOR NEMO? I DON'T UNDERSTAND --
JANET, WE'RE GONNA NEED TO DO ANOTHER AMNIO. I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW IT'S POSSIBLE, BUT --
DOCTOR NEMO. PLEASE TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON!
WELL, KRISTEN -- I'M NOT SURE HOW IT'S POSSIBLE, BUT I'M PICKING UP TWO HEARTBEATS. IT SEEMS AS IF YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE -- TWINS.
TWINS? BUT -- THAT'S IM--
OOOOH!
KRISTEN?
WOMB WITH A VIEW
D. CLAY MOORE: WRITER
DANIEL LIESTER: ARTIST
JEFF DALKE: COLORIST
RUS WOOTON: LETTERER

AAAAAAAAARRRGHHH!
JANET! GET THE ANESTHESIOLOGIST IN HERE! STAT!
I -- >CHOKE<
YAAAAARGH!
WHAT THE DEVIL?
OH MY GOD!
NO -- NO!
DELIVERY ROOM
AAARGH!

AAAAH!

WHAT THE HELL?
CASSIE! WHAT IS --
THIS -- THING WAS TRYING TO CRAWL UP MY PIPES!
POP
THAT WAS -- STRANGE.
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, VLAD. I'LL WORRY ABOUT MY PHYSICAL AFTER THEY'VE SPRAYED THE PLACE FOR STABBY KEN DOLLS.
WAS A GOOD IDEA, THOUGH, CASSIE. FIGHTING SERIAL KILLERS TAKES A TOLL ON THE BODY.
SORRY ABOUT THAT. I THINK HIS HEAD ROLLED UNDER THE TABLE.
END.

Here we have a quiet little motel...
GATES
...a place that looks like it's hiding from the world.
PSYCHE
NO VACANCY
STORY: J. TORRES
ART: JOE SONG
LETTERING: RUS WOOTON
GATES MO
Coolidge GO
HEATING

Locals say the old woman who owned this place went mad one day and supposedly took her own life.
Her son was never the same again.
People say he started acting peculiar after her death. Started doing crazy things. Acting a little mad himself.
But we all go a little mad sometimes.
Haven't you?

PSYCHE.
OH.
SHHHP

A knife-wielding, cross-dressing slasher...
MOTHER! OH GOD, MOTHER! BLOOD! BLOOD!
SHUNK
...complete with mother issues.
Everything we do, everything we are... it all goes back to mommy, doesn't it?

CHHK
SHHRRIP
CHHK
WRAP HIM UP IN THIS.
BUT COULD YOU DO IT OUTSIDE?
I'D LIKE TO FINISH MY SHOWER.
END.